



A NEW GRAFT.

More's a Splendid Suggestion For Fair Book Agents.

"Now, you," she said as she turned over the leaves of the book for which she wanted him to subscribe, "are a man whom it would be useless to try to flatter. Do you know?" she was a sweet, demure looking girl, with those blue eyes that seem to look right into one's heart—"do you know," she went on, "that nine out of every ten men will grant almost any favor within their power if one only tickles their vanity?"

"It is necessary that a person who seeks to earn a living, as I am forced to do, shall acquire a knowledge of human nature. I have become so much interested in this study that I can tell you a thing whether it will be best to flatter a man or to talk common sense to him in order to obtain his subscription."

"I told you when I came in, you were not one who cares for flattery," she said. The foolish things I thought say to the man in the next room and so obtain his signature, I have wasted on you."

"I wish there were such men in the world! Yes, yes," she said, on the next line below, "you pay me \$1 now, the other \$2 will be due when the book is delivered. Thank you, ever so much."

As she was about to pass out to the street she turned and gave him one of those sweet looks out of her big, blue eyes.

When she was gone, he worked away, and a smile played over his countenance, for the book was fairer for her having found him—Chicago Times-Herald.

That or Less.

An author who has lost the manuscript of a novel advertises for it in the New York Herald, promising to pay the finder half what the publisher offered him for it. As \$1,500 is the price named, a knowing contemporary argues that the new book must be worth "at least \$150,000" to the publisher, is that the percentage which publishers ordinarily pay authors for their books?—Worcester Spy.

He's a Good One.

A private soldier, writing from the Philippines, says:

"The heat here is so intense that I had two gun barrels melt on my hands, and I have frequently known the sentry to catch fire from the sun's heat only."

That soldier should be mustered out immediately and assigned to the war correspondent department.—Atlanta Constitution.

Her Wise Selection.

Her Pa—Now that you have become engaged to young Badger, I must say that I feel sorry for him.

Daughter—For what reason, pa?

Her Pa—Because, my dear, you know you can't cook even a little bit.

Daughter—I had thought of that, pa, but you see he is a professional 40 day faster.—Richmond Times.

Under Heavy Obligations.

"Mrs. Boddy came over and said, as we were going away, she would like to borrow our lawn mower, porch chairs, hammock, ice cream freezer, water filter and your bicycle."

"Did you lend them to her?"

"Of course; you know she is going to take care of our parrot."—Chicago Record.

Quite Right.

Quipps—You may talk as you like, but prize ring contests are not as spicy as they were in the olden days.

Pipps—In what olden days?

Quipps—The days of Mace, for instance.—Boston Courier.

Evidently Out.

Farmer Jones—They say Life's out of politics.

Farmer Smith—Guess! Anyway, he paid off his mortgage when he might 'a' had it renewed 'jes' well's not.—Detroit Journal.

A Journey Necessary.

"Clara, you admit that we would be more comfortable at home in the hot weather."

"Yes, but everybody else is gone. Who will see my new clothes?"—Chicago Record.

Wouldn't Take the Hint.

Mrs. Sweet—Dearest, what is the prettiest thing in jewelry you have seen this year?

Mr. Sweet—I've seen nothing, my love, so charming as you.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Cause and Effect.

"Why are you crying, Kathi?"

"Because Paul struck me!"

"He's a bad boy! Why did he strike you?"

"Because I struck him!"—Holters-Welt.

Rival Stars.

"Dewey's praises are on every tongue!"

"Oh, I don't know. How about the new golf champion?"—Chicago Record.

Cordially Received.

Willie Washington—Those clouds are beautiful, aren't they? So soft and fleecy white resting on that pinkish western sky!

Clorinda Wildhopes—Oh, how lovely! For all the world like a lot of vanilla ice cream on pink saucers!

Willie—Um—er—um—er—um! Think you'd like some ice cream, Miss Wildhopes?

Clorinda—How nice of you to suggest it! Whatever put such a delightful idea in your head?—Chicago News.

A Hint.



Artist (to man who has called to collect a bill)—Oh, put on your hat; you'll get cold! It's the only thing you can get here!—Holters Welt.

The Right Idea.

Wearry Willie and his friend Froway, strolling along the seashore, stop before a sign reading: "Notice! Bathing is Dangerous. Quicksands."

Wearry Willie—Dere, Froway; dere's true public spirit for yer. Dat man's a true public educator. I don't know who dat feller Quicksands is, but he's got de right idea uv 'tings an ain't afraid to say so, an if he wuz here I'd take off me hat to him.—Leadie's Weekly.

An Unfortunate Accident.

Here is an interesting news item: "The man was lynched with Farmer Jones' plow lines. The lines broke in three places, and as the crowd carried off the pieces Farmer Jones has been unable to hitch up his mule, and his crop is getting in the grass. We move that a new set of plow lines be given the old man by popular subscription."—Atlanta Constitution.

His Absentmindedness.

A little girl, who was trying to tell a friend how absentminded her grandpa was, said, "He walks around, thinking about nothing, and, when he remembers it, he then forgets that what he thought of was something entirely different from what he wanted to remember."—Boston Christian Register.

Good Advice.

"Poets," he said, "are dreamers." "Don't you think," she asked, "that you ought to take something to make you dream?"

Never again—he swore it—never again would he write lines to her eyes.—Chicago Post.

Lucky Man!

We note in a legal exchange that "Mr. Rudyard Kipling has 30 suits on hand." Mr. Kipling is more fortunate than the average author, who generally has to wear one suit the whole year around.—Atlanta Constitution.

Grounds For Suspicion.

"When I kiss you, Edgar, you are not afraid I am going to ask for money, are you?"

"No, dear; but I'm afraid you've already cleaned me out while I was asleep."—Chicago Record.

Finger Nails.

It has been computed that the average growth of the finger nail is one thirty-second of an inch per week, or a little more than an inch and a half per year. The growth, however, depends to a great extent upon the rate of nutrition, and during periods of sickness or abstinence it is retarded.

It is understood to go on faster in summer than in winter and differs for different fingers, being more rapid in the middle finger and slowest in the thumb according to one investigation and in the little finger according to another.

According to the rate of growth stated, the average time taken for each finger nail to grow its full length is about 4½ months, and at this rate a man of 70 would have renewed his nails 186 times.

Taking the length of each nail at half an inch, he would have grown 7 feet 8 inches of nail on each finger and on all his fingers and thumbs an aggregate length of 77 feet 6 inches.

Hunters Are Always Doing That.

Deer are reported plenty in Kennebec county, and hunters are anticipating royal sport when close time is off.—Bangor Commercial.

Amused.

Johnny got a hobby horse when he was a boy; kept it going night and day, yelling to his pop. Clucked at him and say, "Giddyup!" Waved his arms in air. Never got no farther. But Johnny didn't care.

Johnny grew to be a man. Argued all day long; took up busy people's time. Which is very wrong. Talked and never seemed to tire. Made the people stare. Never got no farther. But Johnny didn't care.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY.

New York, or that part of it which is peopled by the "literary cusses," took kindly to Edwin Markham, and the interest in the author of "The Man With the Hoe" didn't wear itself out in a day. During the six weeks of his stay in the city the poet has been constantly in demand and has been lionized as



EDWIN MARKHAM.

few have ever been by the critical crowd of the metropolis. Receptions, dinners, theater parties and other functions of the sort have followed each other so closely as to keep the modest schoolmaster of Oakland in a bewildering whirl.

Rarely if ever has fame come to a writer through one piece of work such as that which followed the publication of "The Man With the Hoe." Edwin Markham has written many other excellent poems, but until this one appeared he was comparatively unknown. In true California style with one blow of his pick he turned up the rich treasure that changed failure to success.

The Vice President's Health. It turns out that the story that Vice President Hobart was suffering from cancer of the stomach is absolutely untrue. Mr. Hobart is steadily recovering from the effects of a severe and



VICE PRESIDENT HOBART.

complicated attack of grip which he had last spring. His improvement in health began to be marked soon after his arrival at Long Branch, and for some time he has been well enough to drive out every day and to take an occasional trip to Patterson to attend to business affairs. The vice president's physicians expect that he will be in his usual excellent health before the assembling of the senate in December.

The Sensible Deweys.

"The Deweys are evidently sensible people," said a New Orleans traveling man who has just returned from a trip to the north. "I met young G. C. Dewey, son of the admiral, on the train between Toledo and Chicago. He is a drummer for a carpet house, and he told me that he was seriously embarrassed by the attentions that were forced on him. I believe that he is honestly seeking to avoid any notoriety."

"I don't want to have the slightest appearance of trading on my father's fame," he said, "and I have thought seriously of retiring for awhile from the road. However, I have always been a drummer, and I can't make as good a living at anything else. It seems absurd that I should be forced to quit it on account of the kindness of the public, but that is what it almost amounts to." Mr. Dewey said this very simply and without the least trace of affectation. He told me that he had been compelled to decline to talk to reporters on any subject for the reason that they gave such prominence to the interviews that they seemed like yelled 'ads' for his business. One house in the northwest bought a bill of goods of him recently and hung up a big sign. Purchased of the son of Admiral Dewey, the Hero of Manila. Another advertised the carpets in such a way as to make it appear that anybody who invested in one was helping along the Dewey family. Such things are very annoying and almost impossible to check. Young Dewey is a stout, clean cut chap, with frank, pleasant

manners. I shouldn't detect any particular family resemblance, although I looked for it with all my imagination."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Lucrative Washout.

"Yes, George is coming back from Dawson with a fortune."

"Did he wash it out in pans?"

"No, in glasses. He was assistant bartender at the Polka Dot saloon."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Tart Retort.



The Young One—I'll never be old enough to whittle at a stick.

The Old One—And I'll never be young enough to be as fresh as you.—New York Journal.

When the Mules Are Trotting Home.

When the sun is climbing noonward, an you hear the dinner bell.

An you're hot as all creation, but yer appetite is cool.

Then it's leave the steamin fufrow, whar yer hoas is facked with yam—

An it's glory ballalalal when the mules are trottin home!

They know the time for dinner—the plowboys give a yell.

The mules they start to brayin when they hear dat dinner bell!

There's never nofter music whar white the daisies foam!

Then the clankin of the trace chains when the mules are trottin home!

Then it's oh, to be a farmer an hear the noon bells chime.

An root beneath the oak trees in the watermelon For life is then worth livin an sweet as honey-comb.

When the dinner bell is ringin an the mules are trottin home!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Remarkable Train.

Manufacturing in the West is in a healthy condition. This is exemplified by a rather remarkable train sent out recently by the Sandwich Mfg. Co. of Sandwich, Ill. It was made up of thirty-nine thirty-foot box cars of 40,000 pounds capacity, all equipped with Westinghouse Air Brakes and Master Car Buffer Automatic Couplers. The shipment, consisting of hay loaders, was made over the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, and was destined to Council Bluffs, Iowa.

THE GLASS OF FASHION.

Ostrich feathers are always in vogue. Black and white plumes combined are used the most.

For outfit nothing can take the place of the perennial sailor hat, which, like the shirt waist, is here to stay.

Garden hats are prettier than ever this year. Black velvet bows and pink roses seem to be the inevitable selection for adornment.

Flowers as hat trimmings are meeting with a sharp rivalry in field grasses, grains and fruits. Many varieties of grasses form such pretty aigret effects that those from plumage begin to look old fashioned. Oats and rye are both extremely popular.

The charm of the shirt waist in appearance at least depends almost entirely upon its "set." It should not bag in the back, nor draw under the arms or across the bust, and the shoulder seams should not be too long. Yet seven women out of every ten are guilty of these faults.

An attractive costume seen at a roof garden recently was a taffeta coat cut in Eton effect. It was of violet silk finely tucked and had immense revers of purple velvet. It was worn with a gray cloth skirt and a soft pale lavender silk shirt waist. A turban of purple velvet with lavender chiffon rosettes completed the costume.—New York Tribune.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Church of Scotland has 40 mission schools in India, with 3,000 pupils.

A second suspension bridge for trolley lines will soon be completed across Niagara river.

Austria is the country most lenient to murderers. In 10 years over 800 persons were found guilty of murder, of whom only 23 were put to death.

Russia's Asiatic possessions are three times the size of England's, but hold only 23,000,000 inhabitants, as compared with England's 297,000,000 subjects.

The construction of a cigar box may seem to be a very simple matter to the novice, but the box passes through 19 different processes before it is ready to receive the cigars.

There is a quicksilver mine in Peru 179 fathoms in circumference and 480 feet deep. In this profound abyss are streets, squares and a chapel where religious worship is held.

Among the latest collecting fads is a search after odd trade signs and circulars. The collectors declare there is more fun in it than anything in the collection has yet attempted.

'The Thorn Comes Forth

With Point Forward.'

The thorn point of disease is an ache or pain. But the blood is the feeder of the whole body. Purify it with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Kidneys, liver and stomach will at once respond? No thorn in this point.

Blood Poisoning.—The surgeon said when he took out the brass shell received in wound at San Juan Hill two weeks before, that it would have poisoned me. If it had not been for my pure blood, I told him it was Hood's Sarsaparilla that made it pure. GEORGE P. COOPER, Co. D, 24th U. S. Inf., Washington Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Rheumatism.—Myself and a friend both suffered from severe attacks of rheumatism. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured both. We would not be without it. Wm. H. LESTER, 65 Leonard St., Fall River, Mass.

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